

Reflecting on the object seen,  
 So calm, so simple and serene,  
 He said, departing thence,  
 What pity 'tis so fine a face,  
 Possess'd almost of ev'ry grace,  
 Should want a grain of sense!

## MORAL.

A beauteous form and mind discreet,  
 In the same person rarely meet.

## REFLECTION.

With human life you all may see  
 The Fox's notion will agree;  
 For without contradiction,  
 The world is but one spacious street,  
 In which carv'd heads and all sorts meet,  
 And verify the fiction.



The



## The MOUNTEBANK and BEAR.

A Quack, in argument profound,  
 Was handing bills and packets round,  
 And on his cures haranguing loud  
 To the attentive gaping croud,  
 When Bruin, (oft led by the nose)  
 By chance, or by design suppose,  
 With great importance passing by,  
 Invites the mob's attracted eye,

F

Who